# THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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## WHEN FOUND—

WE print this month another article by Dickens which has never been identified or reprinted before, entitled "The Last Words of the Old Year." It is characteristic of the writer who did so much to reform so many of the social evils of his time, and contains some striking references which might apply to the present day. "Do I," said the old year of 1850, "who have been deafened by a whirlwind of sound and fury, consequent on a demand for Secular Education, see *any* Education through the opening years, for those who need it most?" might almost have been written yesterday. It is an article every one should read, for it shows how clearly Dickens saw what was wrong in the making and administration of our laws, and how much he desired to see them righted, and the excellent manner in which he drew attention to them.

THE scheme which the Lord Mayor of London, who is, as every one knows, a Vice-President of the Fellowship, has set on foot for providing a home for crippled children should appeal to every lover of Dickens. Sir William Treloar has for years past devoted much of his valuable time and interest in trying to make the lot of the poor cripples of London a happier one. For many years past he has instituted a fund at Christmas time for providing Christmas hampers for these "Tiny Tims," and has always had the sympathy and help of His Majesty. Sir William's generosity and kindly feelings earned for him the sobriquet of "The Children's Alderman," and he is this year known as "The Children's Lord Mayor," and as such he means to go a step or two further and establish a permanent home for the afflicted little ones. The sum he requires is £60,000, the subscription list for which amount, headed by their Majesties the King and Queen, is now growing rapidly.

IN order to help in this most laudable object the Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Society gave a performance on 17 December at the New Cross Theatre, Deptford, of *The House of Dombey*, the play founded on Dickens's novel by Mrs. Teignmouth Shore and Mr. Walter Dexter, which was first given at the Cripplegate Theatre in November last. The theatre was crowded, and the play was acted even better than on the last occasion. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress occupied a box, as did Mrs. Henry F. Dickens and family, whilst Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, the President of the Dramatic Society, sat the performance through in another. Sheriff Dunn, the Mayor of Deptford, Mr. C. W. Bowerman, M.P., and the Town Clerk of Deptford were also present. After the third act the ceremony of presenting the Lord Mayor with a cheque for £50 as a result of the evening's entertainment was performed by

Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree upon the stage. Mr. Louis Calvert added £10 to the amount, Mr. Tree himself, it being his birthday, presented another £10, and the Mayor of Deptford £5, making, with other donations, a total of £80 8s. Mr. Tree made an excellent speech, to which the Lord Mayor responded, giving an outline of the fund's history.

Mr. Bransby Williams returned last month from America with honours heaped upon him. As was to be expected, America soon became fascinated with his clever impersonations of Dickens characters, and he had a phenomenal reception in New York. Both Press and public were unanimous in their praise of his genius. During his stay he was the guest of the Manhattan Branch of the Fellowship, at a dinner at which nearly two hundred Dickensians were present. He is at present playing the leading part in the Pantomime in Glasgow. But it is an open secret that he has many tempting offers to go across the Atlantic once more.

Mr. Frank Speaight, whose recitals of *A Christmas Carol*, *Pickwick Papers*, and others of his Dickens répertoire this season have been received with even greater enthusiasm than hitherto throughout the country, is again sailing for America at the end of the present month, where a lengthy programme of engagements has been prepared for him. Mr. Speaight has added *A Tale of Two Cities* to his répertoire this season, and it makes a remarkable recital. It gives him more scope for the dramatic than any of his other recitals, and should appeal to the Americans, who have a great liking for the historic in fiction. It has met with much favour wherever he has recited it in this country.

Those who have the interest of the Fellowship at heart would do well to secure from the headquarters some copies of an eight-page pamphlet giving the history and objects of the Society, written by the Hon. General Secretary, Mr. J. W. T. Ley. It is an interesting document, and gives, in addition to the whole of the rules as revised at the Manchester Conference, a full list of the officers, past and present, and a complete list of branches with the names and addresses of the secretaries. Its price is one penny, but quantities can be had at a considerable reduction.

A new branch of the Fellowship is being formed in the Hampstead and Highgate districts of London. Mr. Max Pemberton has consented to become President and Mr. Arthur Waugh a Vice-President. There is every reason to believe that the branch will eventually prove to be a splendid stronghold of the Fellowship, for there are already very many members living in the district, all of whom, as well as other admirers of the novelist, should communicate with Mr. Charles Leftwich, who has kindly undertaken the duties of Secretary. His address is 18 Cathcart Hill, N. The first public meeting is now being arranged.

In our last issue we inadvertently credited Thackeray with the authorship of the poem on *A Christmas Carol*. Although inspired by Thackeray it was written by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, and we tender him our apologies for the mistake. This is the second time Mr. Kernahan has been robbed of his own. For when the verse appeared originally in the *Graphic* over his initials it was credited to the late Charles Kent

The Editor.

## THE LAST WORDS OF THE OLD YEAR*

By CHARLES DICKENS

THIS venerable gentleman, christened (in the Church of England) by the names One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty, who had attained the great age of three hundred and sixty-five (days), breathed his last, at midnight, on the thirty-first of December, in the presence of his confidential business-agents, the Chief of the Grave Diggers, and the Head Registrar of Births. The melancholy event took place at the residence of the deceased, on the confines of Time; and it is understood that his ashes will rest in the family vault, situated within the quiet precincts of Chronology.

For some weeks, it had been manifest that the venerable gentleman was rapidly sinking. He was well aware of his approaching end, and often predicted that he would expire at twelve at night, as the whole of his ancestors had done. The result proved him to be correct, for he kept his time to the moment.

He had always evinced a talkative disposition, and latterly became extremely garrulous. Occasionally, in the months of November and December, he exclaimed, "No Popery!" with some symptoms of a disordered mind; but, generally speaking, was in the full possession of his faculties, and very sensible.

On the night of his death, being then perfectly collected, he delivered himself in the following terms, to his friends already mentioned, the Chief of the Grave Diggers and the Head Registrar of Births:

"We have done, my friends, a good deal of business together, and you are now about to enter into the service of my successor. May you give every satisfaction to him and his!

"I have been," said the good old gentleman, penitently, "a Year of Ruin. I have blighted all the farmers, destroyed the land, given the final blow to the Agricultural Interest, and smashed the Country. It is true, I have been a Year of Commercial Prosperity, and remarkable for the steadiness of my English Funds, which have never been lower than ninety-four, or higher than ninety-seven and three-quarters. But you will pardon the inconsistencies of a weak old man.

"I had fondly hoped," he pursued, with much feeling, addressing the Chief of the Grave Diggers, "that, before my decease, you would have finally adjusted the turf over the ashes of the Honourable Board of Commissioners of Sewers; the most feeble and incompetent Body that ever did outrage to the common sense of any community, or was ever beheld by any member of my family. But, as this was not to be, I charge you, do your duty by them in the days of my successor!"

The Chief of the Grave Diggers solemnly pledged himself to observe this request. The Abortion of Incapables referred to, had (he said) done much for him, in the way of preserving his business, endangered by the recommendations of the Board of Health; but, regardless of all personal obligations, he thereby undertook to lay them low. Deeper than they were already buried in the contempt of the public, (this he

* Identified and reprinted for the first time from *Household Words*, 4 January, 1851.

swore upon his spade) he would shovel the earth over their preposterous heads!

The venerable gentleman, whose mind appeared to be relieved of an enormous load, by this promise, stretched out his hand, and tranquilly returned, "Thank you! Bless you!"

"I have been," he said, resuming his last discourse, after a short interval of silent satisfaction, "doomed to witness the sacrifice of many valuable and dear lives, in steamboats, because of the want of the commonest and easiest precautions for the prevention of those legal murders. In the days of my great grandfather, there yet existed an invention called Paddle-box Boats. Can either of you gild the few remaining sands fast running through my glass, with the hope that my great grandson may see its adoption made compulsory on the owners of passenger steam-ships?"

After a despondent pause, the Head Registrar of Births gently observed that, in England, the recognition of any such invention by the legislature—particularly if simple, and of proved necessity—could scarcely be expected under a hundred years. In China, such a result might follow in fifty, but in England (he considered) in not less than a hundred. The venerable invalid replied, "True, true!" and for some minutes appeared faint, but afterwards rallied.

"A stupendous material work"; these were his next words; "has been accomplished in my time. Do I, who have witnessed the opening of the Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits, and who claim the man who made that bridge for one of my distinguished children, see through the Tube, as through a mighty telescope, the Education of the people coming nearer?"

He sat up in his bed, as he spoke, and a great light seemed to shine from his eyes.

"Do I," he said, "who have been deafened by a whirlwind of sound and fury, consequent on a demand for Secular Education, see *any* Education through the opening years, for those who need it most?"

A film gradually came over his eyes, and he sunk back on his pillow. Presently, directing his weakened glance towards the Head Registrar of Births, he asked that personage:

"How many of those whom Nature brings within your province, in the spot of earth called England, can neither read nor write, in after years?"

The Registrar answered (referring to the last number of the present publication), "about forty-five in every hundred."

"And in my History for the month of May," said the old year with a heavy groan, "I find it written: 'Two little children whose heads scarcely reached the top of the dock, were charged at Bow Street on the seventh, with stealing a loaf out of a baker's shop. They said, in defence, that they were starving, and their appearance showed that they spoke the truth. They were sentenced to be whipped in the House of Correction.' To be whipped! Woe, woe! can the State devise no better sentence for its little children! Will it never sentence them to be taught?"

The venerable gentleman became extremely discomposed in his mind, and would have torn his white hair from his head, but for the soothing attentions of his friends.

"In the same month," he observed, when he became more calm, "and within a week, an English Prince was born. Suppose him taken from his Princely home, (Heaven's blessing on it!) cast like these wretched babies on the streets, and sentenced to be left in ignorance, what difference, soon, between him, and the little children sentenced to be whipped? Think of it, Great Queen, and become the Royal Mother of them all!"

The Head Registrar of Births and the Chief of the Grave Diggers, both of whom have great experience of infancy, predestined, (they do not blasphemously suppose, by God, but known, by man) to vice and shame, were greatly overcome by the earnestness of their departing friend.

"I have seen," he presently said, "a project carried into execution for a great assemblage of the peaceful glories of the world. I have seen a wonderful structure, reared in glass, by the energy and skill of a great natural genius, self-improved; worthy descendant of my Saxon ancestors; worthy type of industry and ingenuity triumphant! Which of my children shall behold the Princes, Prelates, Nobles, Merchants, of England, equally united, for another Exhibition—for a great display of England's sins and negligences, to be, by steady contemplation of all eyes, and steady union of all hearts and hands, set right! Come either my Right Reverend Brother, to whom an English tragedy presented in the theatre is contamination, but who art a bishop, none the less, in right of the translation of Greek Plays; come hither, from a life of Latin Verses and Quantities, and study the Humanities through *these* transparent windows! Wake, Colleges of Oxford, from day-dreams of ecclesiastical melodrama, and look in on these realities in the daylight, for the night cometh when no man can work! Listen, my Lords and Gentlemen, to the roar within, so deep, so real, so low down, so incessant and accumulative! Not all the reedy pipes of all the shepherds that eternally play one little tune—not twice as many feet of Latin verses as would reach from this globe to the Moon and back—not all the Quantities that are, or ever were, or will be, in the world—Quantities of Prosody, or Law, or State, or Church, or Quantities of anything but work in the right spirit, will quiet it for a second, or clear an inch of space in this dark Exhibition of the bad results of our doings! Where shall we hold it? When shall we open it? What courtier speaks?"

After the foregoing rhapsody, the venerable gentleman became, for a time, much enfeebled; and the Chief of the Grave Diggers took a few minutes' repose.

As the hands of the clock were now rapidly advancing towards the hour which the invalid had predicted would be his last, his attendants considered it expedient to sound him as to his arrangements in connexion with his worldly affairs; both, being in doubt whether these were completed, or, indeed, whether he had anything to leave. The Chief of the Grave Diggers, as the fittest person for such an office, undertook it. He delicately enquired, whether his friend and master had any testamentary wishes to express? If so, they should be faithfully observed.

"Thank you," returned the old gentleman, with a smile, for he was

once more composed; "I have Something to bequeath to my successor; but not so much (I am happy to say) as I might have had. The Sunday Postage question, thank God, I have got rid of; and the Nepaulese Ambassadors are gone home. May they stay there!"

This pious aspiration was responded to, with great fervor, by both the attendants.

"I have seen you," said the venerable Testator, addressing the Chief of the Grave Diggers, "lay beneath the ground, a great Statesman and a fallen King of France."

The Chief of the Grave Diggers replied, "It is true."

"I desire," said the Testator, in a distinct voice, "to entail the remembrance of them on my successors for ever. Of the statesman, as an Englishman who rejected an adventitious nobility, and composedly knew his own. Of the King, as a great example that the monarch who addresses himself to the meaner passions of humanity, and governs by cunning and corruption, makes his bed of thorns, and sets his throne on shifting sand."

The Head Registrar of Births took a note of the bequest.

"Is there any other wish?" enquired the Chief of the Grave Diggers, observing that his patron closed his eyes.

"I bequeath to my successor," said the ancient gentleman, opening them again, "a vast inheritance of degradation and neglect in England; and I charge him, if he be wise, to get speedily through it. I do hereby give and bequeath to him, also, Ireland. And I admonish him to leave it to his successor in a better condition than he will find it. He can hardly leave it in a worse."

The scratching of the pen used by the Head Registrar of Births, was the only sound that broke the ensuing silence.

"I do give and bequeath to him, likewise," said the Testator, rousing himself by a vigorous effort, "the Court of Chancery. The less he leaves of it to his successor, the better for mankind."

The Head Registrar of Births wrote as expeditiously as possible, for the clock showed that it was within five minutes of midnight.

"Also I do give and bequeath to him," said the Testator, "the costly complications of the English law in general. With which I do hereby couple the same advice."

The Registrar, coming to the end of his note, repeated, "The same advice."

"Also, I do give and bequeath to him," said the Testator, "the Window Tax. Also, a general mismanagement of all public expenditure, revenues, and property, in Great Britain and its possessions."

The anxious Registrar, with a glance at the clock, repeated, "And its possessions."

"Also, I do give and bequeath to him," said the Testator, collecting his strength once more, by a surprising effort, "Nicholas Wiseman and the Pope of Rome."

The two attendants breathlessly enquired together, "With what injunctions?"

"To study well," said the Testator, "the speech of the Dean of Bristol, made at Bristol aforesaid; and to deal with them and the whole vexed question, according to that speech. And I do hereby give

and bequeath to my successor, the said speech and the said faithful Dean, as great possessions and good guides. And I wish with all my heart, the said faithful Dean were removed a little farther to the West of England and made Bishop of Exeter!"

With this, the Old Year turned serenely on his side, and breathed his last in peace. Whereon,

> ——With twelve great shocks of sound,
> Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
> One after one,

the coming of the New Year. He came on, joyfully. The Head Registrar, making, from mere force of habit, an entry of his birth, while the Chief of the Grave Diggers took charge of his predecessor; added these words in Letters of Gold. MAY IT BE A WISE AND HAPPY YEAR, FOR ALL OF US!

## THE FAT BOY

WE reproduce here another of the series of the pencil sketches by Hablot K. Browne, which Mr. Walter T. Spencer kindly placed at our disposal for the purpose. Although merely a rapid sketch, it

THE FAT BOY

From an original pencil sketch by "Phiz," reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Walter T. Spencer

depicts a well-known incident in the immortal book with a freeness which is altogether delightful and natural.

# BOZ'S PUBLISHERS

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

## I

## MACRONE AND OTHERS

THE publishers of a great writer somehow seem always to share in his glories. It generally happens, however, that after a long connexion a "rift in the lute" occurs, and a new "hand" is sought for and tried. It was so with Scott—and so with Thackeray—and also with Dickens. Boz had no less than four. He passed from Macrone to Chapman, from Chapman to Richard Bentley, from him to Chapman and Hall again, from them to Bradbury and Evans, and from these returned to Chapman and Hall, with whom he was at the time of his death. Two of these were firms of mark, and worthy of the privilege they enjoyed. Besides these there were some smaller fry, Robertson, Cochrane, etc. There were also his American publishers, the Harpers, Ticknor and Fields, Lea and Co., and even a firm in Botany Bay.

All know the almost pathetic account given by Boz of his emotions on seeing his first composition in print—how, on buying a copy of the magazine, he was too agitated to look at it, and had to turn aside and walk up and down to compose himself—his eyes being blinded with tears. To the careless and superficial this might seem strained and melodramatic, but it must be considered he was then a youth, not twenty-one—the incident occurred in 1833—and that he was struggling to exist, and with his family almost wholly dependent on him.

The book in question was a magazine, *The Monthly*, and it was published in Johnson's Court, one of the old byways in Fleet Street, by one A. Robertson. Boz told long afterwards, when recalling the proposal made to him to write *Pickwick*, that he recognized in the person who opened the business to him, whose name was Hall, the very man who sold him the copy of the magazine in Johnson's Court. Then evidently a shopman, we find him two years later a partner in Chapman and Hall's. Boz is positive and particular in the matter, so we need not doubt his accuracy. Yet it seems an odd and sudden transformation. But there are some trifling proofs that seem to support it. For only a few months later, early in 1834, we find that the name Robertson has disappeared and the magazine transferred to "Cochrane and Macrone, 11, Waterloo Place," with Boz as contributor; so it may have been that Robertson's firm had been wound up. A few months later Macrone's name vanished, and the firm stood "James Cochrane and Co." Macrone had gone to set up for himself, and Boz had formed a connexion with him. Though Boz recognized Hall when he came with the *Pickwick* proposals, it is clear that he had not met him at Chapman's, where Boz already had dealings. The matter is certainly a little "wropt in mystery." But the fact of interest is that Boz's first publisher was A. Robertson, of Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

This *Monthly* magazine was a highly respectable thing and not badly edited. It was also "the British Register of Literature, Sciences, and the Belles-Lettres," though the two last were included in the first. It

was an old-established magazine, for Dickens's contribution appeared in Vol. XVI, which was in "a new series." It was called "A Dinner at Poplar Walk," a little later changed to "Mr. Minns and his Cousin," for some reason not very apparent. It is more a rattling farce than a story. Indeed most of Boz's short tales at this period were really disguised farces. His contributions are: (1) "A Dinner at Poplar Walk"; (2) "Mrs. Joseph Porter, 'Over the way'"; (3) "Horatio Sparkins"; (4) "The Bloomsbury Christening," often selected for readings; (5 and 6) "The Boarding House," which filled two parts; (7) "The Steam Excursion"; (8 and 9) "Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle," also in two parts. This comprised all his work for *The Monthly*, and prepared him for his *Sketches*. These stories are, and will always be read on account of their "local colour," for they present pictures of middle-class life and society at the period. For the same reason, Albert Smith's *Mr. Ledbury* is always welcome as a photograph of suburban manners and customs.

The firm of Cochrane that took over *The Monthly* was originally "Cochrane and Macrone" of Waterloo Place. It was curious, that as Robertson had brought Boz into connexion with Chapman's firm, so Cochrane, his second publisher, was to bring him into connection with his next publisher. Dickens was then a gay, bright young fellow, who really seems to have attracted all he met. He was pushful too, and knew how to avail himself of openings and opportunities. He knew well the Shakespearean maxim: "Let's take the instant by the forward top." And so when he found Macrone at Cochrane's he naturally made him his friend, and when Macrone set up for himself, how natural that he should invite him to write for him! Still these were not exactly "first-class" publishers—but they were welcome to him at the time.

Boz was certainly unlucky in this publisher, Macrone. It was no doubt with a certain exultation that he contracted with him to take his *Sketches by Boz*, and issue them in a volume with illustrations. Here was his first book. But he didn't dream what a struggle there was before him, when it became necessary to rescue it and put it into other hands. Macrone was probably of Italian origin, and his name shortened from Macirone. But this is a mere speculation.

Forster has dealt roughly and rather in a "harbitry-cove" fashion with two of his client's publishers. According to him, both were striving to pluck the poor pigeon that fell into their hands. It must be said, however, that both acted within their strict rights, and according to the agreements Boz had made with them. If these were to be rescinded on the plea that the asset had swelled to a value unthought of at the time of signing, it was only fair that compensation should be given or something paid by way of forfeit. Forster, however, was quite blinded by partiality for his friend, and could see nothing but rapacity and chicanery.

Macrone sold several editions of the *Sketches* on their first coming out. The outlay must have been considerable, owing to the admirable plates—which are even now *recherchés* for their artistic merit. They were the works of the admirable George, then the one and only illustrator—and what an amazing power he had! To look merely at his

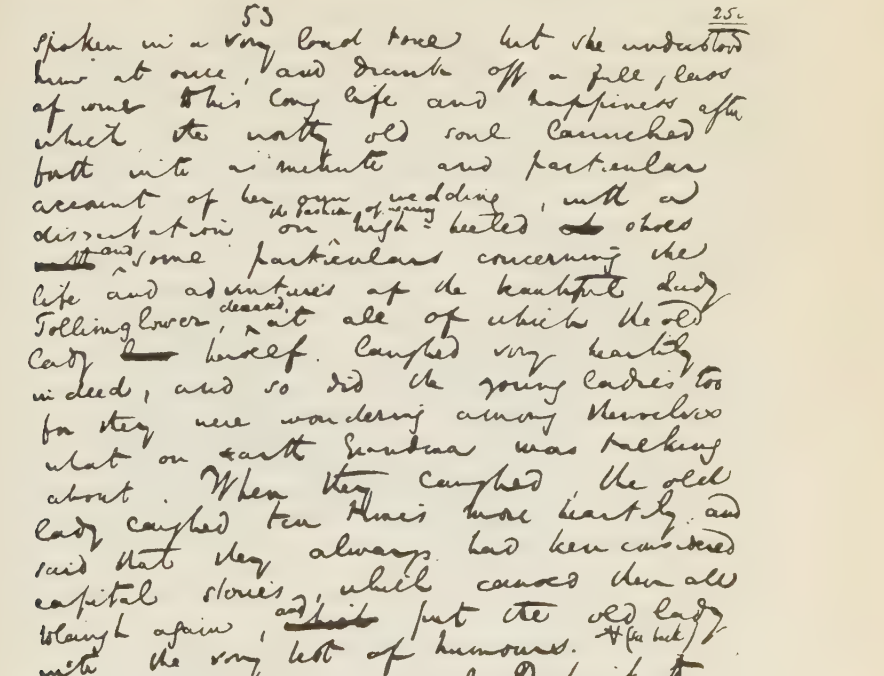
pictures of *Oliver Twist*, you see the story moving before you, the figures have such life and roundness. They recall the same effect exhibited by Meissonier. One might wonder how it was that when Chapman and Hall were casting about for a successor to the luckless Seymour they had not secured Cruikshank. I cannot but think that the very story of *Pickwick* would have developed extraordinary powers of humour in the artist, and made it less remote from actual life than it was in the hands of Phiz. My solution is that Cruikshank was not free, but he had been already secured by the enterprising Bentley for his intended magazine. We know that about the middle of the year 1836, when the title of the venture was being discussed, changed, etc., he had been introduced to Boz, and had planned a new story from his pen to be illustrated by George. It would not do to have both ventures illustrated by the same artist.

Mr. Robson, the intelligent art bookseller of Coventry Street, was lately offering a very remarkable collection of papers connected with the *Sketches:* they are, in fact, the transaction itself, in its fullest extent. It is priced at 175 guineas. "The whole carefully inlaid or inserted in a folio volume, with description attached to each article, and bound in crushed levant morocco super-extra lettered on front cover, watered silk linings, gilt edges, by Broca." This account makes the bibliophile's mouth water. But the young fellow: could he have dreamed at the moment—nigh seventy years ago—that this trivial bargain of his would be so appreciated!

It comprises: An autograph letter of one page 4to, signed in full "Charles Dickens" and dated 1836: "My dear Macrone, I called here to say that I was with Cruikshank last night when we finally determined on eight illustrations for the first volume." The receipt for £100 from Charles Dickens to John Macrone for the sale of the entire copyright of both series of *Sketches by Boz*, dated 5 January, 1837, signed in full and wholly in the handwriting of Charles Dickens. The Memorandum of Agreement between Chapman and Hall and John Macrone for the repurchase of both series of *Sketches by Boz*, dated 17 June, 1837, in Macrone's autograph, setting forth the terms and manner of payment, on 2¼ pages 4to. John Macrone's receipt for £2250, dated 24 June, 1837, for the purchase referred to in the above memorandum, with full assignment to Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The agreement between Charles Dickens and Messrs. Chapman and Hall, respecting the copyright of the first and second series of *Sketches by Boz*, dated 31 March, 1840, engrossed on two sheets of parchment, with fine signatures and seals of C. Dickens, E. Chapman and W. Hall.

Mr. Robson has, or had, what perhaps may be considered the most wonderful *Pickwick* in existence. It has all the "points" complete, "addresses," advertisements, and with the plates in their different "states." But the main attraction is a single leaf of the original MS. of the story, in the author's clear, decided handwriting. Some thirty or so other leaves are in the United States, the rest are presumed to be lost or destroyed. This interesting and truly precious leaf alone was valued at £250, but is now incorporated with this unique copy of *Pickwick* and catalogued at £450.

"This page," says our genial bibliopole, "contains portion of Chapter XXVIII, describing the Wedding Breakfast and how Mr. Pickwick listened to the reminiscences of old Mrs. Wardle. The five lines relating to the wedding cake, written on the back of the MS. with



Reduced Facsimile of Original Manuscript
of Pickwick Papers.
Size of Original 9 inches by 7¼ inches.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Robson & Co.

directions for interpolation, were evidently an afterthought. The very few corrections testify to the ease with which the novelist wrote at this time, contrasting in a remarkable manner with his last work, *Edwin Drood*, which is full of them.

"Altogether the most notable copy extant of the work by which Dickens leapt into fame, and the success of which led him to become the greatest literary genius of the nineteenth century."

Taking everything into consideration, it would be impossible to find a worthier foundation stone than this for that representative collection of all relating to Charles Dickens and his works which we hope will be formed in the Guildhall Library, for which the Dickens Fellowship is now collecting funds. Perchance some wealthy lover or combination of lovers of Dickens and his works may come forward, and with this object in view secure what can only be described as a unique memento of Charles Dickens, and a literary item of national importance, and by so doing prevent its going to America, which at the present time seems to be the inevitable fate of any literary treasure of real interest.

To revert to the *Sketches* again. Macrone, then a young man like himself, gave Boz £150, with another £100 for the second series. This was really not so bad for a new and little-known journalist. The *Sketches* did well. A year later, when the first numbers of *Pickwick* were having a *succès fou*, Macrone wished to benefit by this popularity, and announced a new edition in monthly parts exactly like *Pickwick*. Boz was dreadfully put out at this, as it gave the notion of his trying to foist on the public an old work, and he dispatched the faithful Forster to try to dissuade him from this. Macrone was immovable, and stood upon his rights. This matter, however, may stand over till we come to deal with Chapman and Hall. Sufficient to say that they freed him from Macrone.

On 24 June the money was paid over, amounting to £2250. Then came the sequel. Boz had of course no money, so he had of course to rely on his new friends.

From these papers it is clear to me that the vilified Macrone was much more liberal to his writer than Forster makes out. Thus on 5 January, 1837, when just one-half of *Pickwick* had appeared, we find Boz signing over to the publisher his whole copyright in both series for £100. This must have been in addition to the original price, as the book had long since been published. It looks as though Macrone had purchased with a view to his scheme for issuing the work with illustrations and in parts.

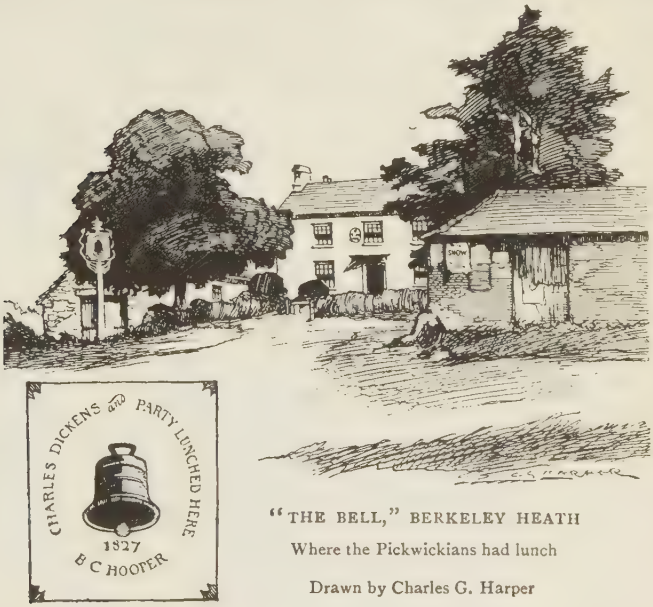
And we may wonder how this young fellow steered his course so well among all these rocks and pitfalls. Truly he was an extraordinary young man: unique and original in all his ways. As I have shown elsewhere, there were always the two Dickenses, the man and the writer. What young fellow do we know of, who, starting to write, eager to get an opening, ever found himself in the hands of no less than three publishers? Wonderful! And he but twenty-four.

As he was involved in this net, we find it difficult to settle the order of the various connexion, so it will be better to adjourn dealing with Chapman and Hall until later, when we can treat the matter continuously. So next enters Richard Bentley, his second publisher.

# THE INNS OF DICKENS

By O. SACK

AMONG the many books which have derived inspiration from the writings of Dickens, it is curious that none has been devoted to the hostelries and inns mentioned throughout his novels and tales. That the subject is full of interest and not a little fascinating, is proved by Mr. Charles G. Harper, who has in his new book *The Old Inns of Old England*, devoted the third of one of his two handsome volumes to it. He divides his matter under two headings, *Pickwickian Inns* and *Dickensian Inns*, and deals with each in a most comprehensive manner. Mr. Harper is the historian of the highways of England *par excellence*,




"THE BELL," BERKELEY HEATH
Where the Pickwickians had lunch
Drawn by Charles G. Harper

and in his many picturesque stories of the "Roads," has from time to time dropped in at these Dickensian Inns and discoursed pleasantly regarding them. But in these volumes, devoted entirely to the ancient and storied hostelries of our own country, he has gathered together a vast amount of information, and has given us the most complete and thorough account of Pickwickian and Dickens Inns yet attempted.

It is well that Mr. Harper is an antiquarian first and a Dickensian after, for by these means we get impartiality. An enthusiastic Dickensian not only takes much for granted, but often exaggerates conjecture. This is not the case with Mr. Harper. Because "it is said to be so" does not satisfy him, and there is much truth in his remark that "the Great Dickens Legend is well on its way, and the inns 'where he stayed' will at no distant day match the apocryphal 'Queen Elizabeth Bedrooms' that amaze the historical student with their number." Mr.

Harper, however, is no heretic, and deals with this particular subject with conscientious fullness. Although he does not attempt to touch upon all the numerous Inns named in *Pickwick*, there are few of them which can claim to be of any importance he does not deal with in some way. The "Golden Cross" occupies more space than most, being, as Mr. Harper suggests, one which offers a fine source of snares, pitfalls, traps and rocks to the unwary, owing to the many times it has been destroyed and rebuilt; but Mr. Harper will be found a sure guide in its history. After taking his reader the length and breadth of England with the Pickwickians, stopping at the inns they stopped at, and dilating upon their various old-time associations, he treats the other books of Dickens in a similar manner. Many times he contests the assertions of those who have set on record their views, corrects errors and statements concerning their identifications, and offers more than one new theory respecting a Dickensian landmark.

For instance, we believe he is the first to locate the inn twelve miles from Portsmouth, where Nicholas and Smike stopped on the occasion of that memorable walk. Mr. Harper is not, however, positive about it. Who could be? But he makes out a fair case for a gamekeeper's cottage, well beyond Petersfield, which once was known as Bottom Inn or Gravel Hill Inn. Dickens described the spot no doubt from childish memories of years before, and there can be no doubt, from the description, as to the identity of the location. There is still a "Coach and Horses" there, but Mr. Harper is of opinion that the old gamekeeper's cottage, which in those days was in receipt of custom, was the inn Dickens had in his mind.

One of the chief attractions of the chapters, as indeed it is of the book, is the wealth of illustrations from Mr. Harper's own pencil and from old prints, which adorn the pages. One of particular interest is that of Rochester Bridge from a contemporary print showing "Wrights next door" to the famous "Bull." We recommend all our readers who are interested in the old hostelries and posting-houses of the decades that are gone, and in the topography of Dickens in particular, on no account to miss these two absorbing volumes.

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## POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

### XXV

*"The works of Dickens have been more popular than ever this Christmas."*
DAILY PAPER.

THE seasons come, the seasons go,
New generations rise
To herald in the newest year
As every old one dies.
New books and authors daily come,
The list each morning thickens;
Yet one immortal of them all
Remains our love—Charles Dickens.

U. T. PARKE.

## STATUE OF DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL

By E. S. WILLIAMSON
(Of Toronto)

AMONG the art exhibits of America at the World's Fair, no particular example attracted more popular interest than the sculptured memorial to Charles Dickens, the work of Mr. F. Edwin Elwell, of New York.

It is considered a thoroughly good portrait of the great author, in an easy and graceful pose, his hand combing his beard, as was his habit, as he sits absorbed in thought. On the base of the pedestal, affectionately gazing upward on the face of its creator, is Little Nell, the best loved of all Dickens's characters.

Mr. Elwell has told of how he chanced to meet the original of his Little Nell. While modelling the figure in clay, he had attended an entertainment at Chickering Hall, accompanied by Mrs. Elwell, and had been struck by the sweet face of a girl in the audience. "That is just the face and expression I want," he said to himself. As soon as he returned home he lit the lamps in his studio, and, working all night, modelled from memory the face of his Little Nell. The next morning it was complete. Some two weeks afterward a lady wrote asking if she might visit his studio with a few friends. The request was granted, and, to the surprise of the artist, accompanying his visitors was the young girl who had been his inspiration. The surprise on the part of the girl and her friends when they saw the statue was equally great. "How like Susie!" they exclaimed. "It is Susie," said Mr. Elwell. A few touches on the still damp clay and the likeness was complete.

It was whispered to the sculptor at the time that the gentle solicitude which is the most characteristic expression of the figure had grown upon Susie's face during her attendance upon her sick father. The father was overjoyed to learn that his child was to be immortalized in sculpture. It became his one ambition to gain strength enough to go and see the work. "I shall be strong enough to-morrow," he would say, but just as in the story of Little Nell's grandfather, so in real life, "to-morrow and to-morrow crept on with petty pace," until there were for him no more to-morrows. He died without seeing his child's face in marble.

Mr. Elwell exhibited his memorial first at Philadelphia, where it gained a gold medal, and then took it to England. There it was reviewed and criticized by nearly all the leading people. The family of Dickens pronounced it an excellent portrait.

There was talk in England of popular subscriptions to buy the memorial, and many discussions as to the site upon which it should stand, but no such action could be taken by public contribution without doing violence to the emphatic wishes of Dickens himself as set forth in his will.

The statue now stands in the public gardens of Philadelphia, and is greatly valued and admired by the American people.

## BOOKS FOR DICKENSIANS

IT may be an open question whether Mrs. Perugini's book, *The Comedy of Dickens: a book of chapters and extracts taken from the writer's novels*,* supplies a long-felt want, but nevertheless one places it on one's shelf with pleasure. There was ample room for it. Its compiler, in a very short preface, says that she has prepared it chiefly in the hope that it might fall into the hands of those as yet unacquainted with her father's works, trusting that it would serve as an introduction to the novels themselves. I am inclined to be sceptical as to the probability of this end being attained to any great extent, but I fancy the book will serve another and entirely different purpose. It is justly claimed as one of the greatest charms of Dickens that, even if we have read his books times out of number, we can still turn to them continually with never-failing delight—that, almost without exception, they may be opened at practically any page and be relied upon to minister effectually to any mood. To the reader who knows his Dickens the occasions are not infrequent when he takes one of the volumes from the shelf and, opening it at random, indulges in half an hour's unalloyed pleasure. On such future occasions, this book of Mrs. Perugini's will serve a very useful purpose, and will come as a boon and a blessing to its owner. For it is not merely a haphazard collection of Wellerisms and short paragraphs, whose detachment from their context deprives them of most of their charm; they are all of considerable length—generally a complete chapter—and each complete in itself. The novels are taken in chronological order, the first extract from a book is introduced by a short history of the book, and the selections are linked together by a very brief synopsis, thus making a harmonious whole. Generally speaking, Mrs. Perugini's discretion has been excellent, and the selections are thoroughly typical, but there seem to me to be exceptions. I imagine, for instance, that it was sentiment that dictated the choice of "Mr. Minns and his Cousin" as the only example of the comedy of *Sketches by Boz*, in preference to, say, "The Election for Beadle." One need hardly expect to find more than one selection from *A Tale of Two Cities* in such a book, but it is somewhat surprising to find that that selection is "The Mail." These instances are not, however, urged as blemishes upon a thoroughly interesting book. The volume, which is dedicated to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, is tastefully produced.

Everything seems to be done nowadays to encourage the reading of Dickens both for the young and for those who are alarmed at first at the length of some of the novels. We have noticed in our pages one or two volumes which are designed for this purpose, and now we have a similar one, entitled *Stories from Dickens*,† by Mr. J. Walker McSpadden, who has already given us that excellent little book of synopses from the novelist. If it serves no other purpose than to send the reader of it to the complete novels, it will have accomplished something to its credit. But the stories are so excellently condensed and narrated, that those who read Dickens in public will find this volume

* London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 6s.
† London: George G. Harrap & Co.

THE DODGER STEALS A HANDKERCHIEF

From a drawing by Evelyn Paul
In *Stories from Dickens*, by J. Walker McSpadden

of great value, whilst none better could be found for the entertainment of the younger folk. There are several characteristic pictures in the volume, and through the courtesy of the publishers we are able to reproduce one.

One of the most practically useful books of the kind we have seen is *Literary London*, by Elsie M. Lang.* It is comprehensive and thorough to a degree; containing, we should say, almost every known literary landmark in and about London. It is arranged alphabetically under the names of the streets, to which is given exactly what the pilgrim desires to know in regard to each. As is only to be expected in a book of this nature, it teems with Dickens references. There are few pages that do not contain some allusion or reference to Dickens and his works. For instance, there are twelve mentioned in the index to *Pickwick* alone, ten to *Copperfield*, sixty to Dickens, and nearly all the other novels have a fair share. Miss Lang is evidently imbued with her subject, and has produced a book which will be valued by every lover of the literary associations with this great city. It is greatly enhanced by the addition of forty-two reproductions of excellent photographs by Mr. W. J. Roberts, himself an authority on the topography of our great writers. Mr. G. K. Chesterton contributes an introduction. The volume is tastefully produced.

Two tasteful little reprints have been sent us: *Hunted Down* † and *A Christmas Tree*.‡ They are both well printed and produced, and are quite small enough to go comfortably into a small pocket.

We have also received *The Pocket Reciter*, "being a carefully-selected collection from the writings of Charles Dickens."§ It is designed for the reader and reciter, and so far as it goes it seems well done, and should be found of value by all who do either of these things in public. There is, however, no justification for including the poem, "The Children," in such a book, seeing that Dickens did not write it. If everything found in a writer's desk after his death is to be attributed to him, a curious state of affairs will arise. The verses were written by Charles M. Dickinson. The full history of their authorship was given on page 224 of our last volume.

As is natural, Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley, the author of *The History of Nursing in the British Empire*,‖ has devoted a chapter to "Charles Dickens and Nursing Reform." It deals, of course, chiefly with Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig, both of whose ways and systems the author presents by means of extracts from *Martin Chuzzlewit*. She shows how caricature is a great factor in all reforms, gives particulars of the origin of Mrs. Gamp, and deals generally with nursing in Dickens's day, and the need of improvement, leading up to the foundation of St. John's House, to which Dickens referred in his lament over the state of the hospitals at the time. The book reproduces Maclise's portrait of Dickens, and furnishes a rather extravagant picture depicting Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig preparing their patient for a journey.

* London: T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.
† London: Gowans and Gray.
‡ London: T. N. Foulis.
§ London: *The Family Reader* Office.
‖ London: S. H. Bousfield & Co.

# THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

## HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

THE third annual bazaar in connexion with the Guild was held at St. Bride's Institute on 5 December. The Rev. Canon Benham occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform during the opening ceremony by Mrs. H. F. Dickens and her daughters, Miss Georgina Hogarth, Mr. E. P. Haslam, Miss Miniken, and Mr. J. W. T. Ley. The bazaar was formally opened by Miss Georgina Hogarth at 3.30. The stalls were devoted to fancy goods, fancy work, woollen goods, plain work, confectionery, fruit and flowers, and one to various articles. There were several "side shows" such as "The Old Woman's Shoe," presided over by "the old lady" herself and her numerous children each dressed to represent a character in the nursery rhymes; concerts, hat-trimming competition for gentlemen, candle-lighting competition, and others. In addition to the usual songs and recitations at the concerts, Miss Nicholes and Miss Sayer gave in character "Mrs. Gamp's Tea Party" in a very amusing style. During the afternoon and evening a busy trade was done, and the funds of the Guild will be materially augmented as a result, thanks to the untiring energy of Miss Miniken the Hon. Secretary, and her friends.

**Needlework and Charitable Guild.**

ON 7 December a performance was given at the Great Western Hotel of Albert Smith's adaptation of *The Battle of Life* by members of the branch. The acting throughout was excellent all round, and far above that usually seen in amateur performances. Mr. Frank Timings was admirable as Dr. Jeddler; Mrs. Frank Yoxall and Miss Nora Davis acted with much charm and grace in the characters of Marian and Grace respectively; whilst Aunt Martha was well taken by Miss Scott; Mr. Button proved himself a sympathetic actor in the rather difficult part of Alfred Heathfield; Mr. H. N. Stammers made a capital Michael Warden; Messrs. Bosworth and Bickersniff presented the real legal atmosphere in the characters of Snigsby and Craggs, and those of their wives were taken by the Misses M. Horton and Stacey. The loving, simple, and honest Clemency was delightfully impersonated by Miss W. Beaucaire, whilst Benjamin Brittain was well maintained by Mr. Harold Howell. During the performance the Lorzells Street String Band played suitable selections.

**Birmingham.**

THIS branch opened their winter season of monthly meetings with a sale of work and social evening at the Lewisham Parish Church Hall, Ladywell, on 23 November. The hall looked very bright with stalls well stocked with fancy and useful articles provided by the lady members of the branch. There was a capital and varied programme consisting of instrumental music, songs, recitals, etc., in which the following took part: Misses Cavenaugh, Rolfe, Pett, Barnett, Trevor, and Lewis; Mesdames Rolfe, Sayers, Etherington, and Barnett; and Messrs. Dixon, Palmer, and Wellbeloved. During the evening Miss F. Nicholls and Miss Edith Sayers performed the amusing character-sketch from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, introducing our old friends Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig at the famous tea-party. There were stalls for the sale of useful and fancy articles under the direction of Miss Edith Sayers (Hon. Secretary, Ladies' Needlework Party), assisted by Mrs. Curd, Mrs. Hubble, Miss Lewis; also a refreshment stall presided over by Mrs. Palmer, Miss Pett, and Miss Ethel Palmer; a whist drive at 7.30, arranged by Mr. A. J. Terry; and dancing at nine o'clock, under the direction of Mr. H. J. Palmer. The branch will hold their meetings in future at Avenue House, Avenue Road, Lewisham, on the third Monday in each month.

**Blackheath, Lee, Lewisham.**

Brighton.

THE members of this branch met at Steine House, on 24 November, when Mr. Henry Davey presided. A very interesting paper on "The Animal Characters of Dickens" was read by Mr. W. W. Bartlett. The reader in recalling the various beasts and birds mentioned by the novelist showed clearly how very closely each animal was allied to its owner, and how completely necessary the animal was to the development of the character. Mr. Bartlett concluded a very interesting paper by stating that Dickens showed his deep love of human nature in every animal character he drew. A brief discussion followed, in which the President, Mr. W. F. Fowler, Mr. H. Bristow, Mr. Snow, Mr. Adams, Miss M. Russell Davies, and Mr. R. Penniford either read extracts from the various novels descriptive of animal life or discussed many points of interest connected therewith. At the same place, on 15 December, Mr. Henry Davey read a most interesting paper on *Hard Times*. Mr. C. W. Mellor, J.P., presided. Mr. Davey opened with a discussion of the ignoring of great manufacturing towns and an elaborate disquisition on the theories of political economy commonly held when *Hard Times* was written in 1854. *Laissez-faire* was the pet phrase, and a feeling of security prevailed throughout the country, so that when the novel was brought out it was received with scant interest, and its theories were neither understood nor appreciated. Protests were made against this belief in Kingsley's *Alton Locke*, Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, and in Tennyson's *Maud*, besides Dickens's novel, but they had little effect for a long time. An account of the principal characters concluded the paper. During the reading of the paper Miss Marjorie Smith recited "Cissy's Progress," and Messrs. E. E. Inker and W. F. Fowler read appropriate extracts. A brief discussion followed in which Messrs. W. W. Bartlett, H. Bristow, and R. Pennifold took part.

Brixton.

THE ladies' first prize in the whist tournament, held on 19 November, was won by Mrs. S. Marriott, and that of the gentlemen by Mr. A. B. King. These and the other prizes were presented by Mr. Robert Allbut, who made an appropriate speech for the occasion. On 3 December, Mr. Sidney Marriott occupied the chair. The programme was arranged by Mr. J. Skeen, who gave an interesting paper on "The Pets of Dickens in Fact and Fiction"; demonstrating the reminiscence of Miss Mamie Dickens in relation to her father—"he was the friend and partisan of all dumb creatures." Illustrations, various and familiar, came under review. During a short interval, a Sale of Work in aid of Christmas charity was conducted by Mrs. Stuart and the ladies of the "Little Dorrit" Society; after which an excellent paper was read by Mr. H. Skeen, on "The Correspondence of Dickens." The subject was dealt with and illustrated in very pleasant and masterly style. The evening's entertainment was opened and closed with songs by Mrs. Fenton. On 17 December Mr. Robert Allbut gave a reading, in three sections, of *The Chimes*, which was well received. An interval was utilized by the ladies of the "Little Dorrit" Society, who were busy in the "Sale Department," for augmentation of funds for Christmas charity.

Chester, U.S.A.

OUR American friends at Chester began their winter season on 11 October with a meeting at the Law Building, when the President, the Rev. Dr. Towle, read a synopsis of the early chapters of *David Copperfield*, the work chosen for special study this session, which was followed by readings by Miss Mary O'Neill and Mr. E. J. Hines, whilst Miss E. Smith gave a fine paper "On the Character and Influence of Mr. Peggotty." On 22 November, at the same place, Dr. Wodea Kassab read a scholarly paper on "Micawber," which proved of more than ordinary interest. Indeed, it was really a remarkable study of one of Dickens's greatest characters, made more remarkable by the fact that Dr. Kassab is a Syrian. He thoroughly grasped the spirit and humour of the creation, and showed he was as familiar with Dickens's masterpiece

as any Cockney bred and born. We understand that Miss O'Neill, who last year was pioneered through Dickens-land whilst on a visit to London, is to give a paper on her experiences.

**Edinburgh and Leith.**

THE second members' night devoted to papers on *A Tale of Two Cities* was held on 22 November, in 5 St. Andrew Square. Miss Mackay read a paper on "Dr. Manette," and Mrs. Low selected as her subject "Mr. Cruncher." Both ladies read carefully chosen passages from the novel, and the papers were much appreciated, the interesting discussion that followed showing that the members are taking a real interest in the different characters under review.

On the evening of Thursday, 6 December, in the Oak Hall, 70 Princes Street, Mr. Bertram Miller, F.R.S.G.S., delivered his lecture, "A Tour Through Spain." Mr. Miller is well known as a lecturer in Edinburgh, and his clear and graphic account of his journey was greatly appreciated.

**Forest Gate.**

THE monthly meeting, held in the Earlham Hall, was well attended. Mr. J. P. Giller's lecture on "Dickens as a Social Reformer" was received with enthusiasm, and the discussion which followed was entered into by several members. Miss Edna Freeman, a clever child pianist, rendered solos, and Mr. W. Graham sang two songs with great spirit.

**Hastings and St. Leonards.**

THE District Nurses' Home was the institution in aid of which the Branch held a meeting on 19 November. The President, Mr. Wilson Crewdson, J.P., presided over the large attendance. The programme consisted of a series of readings from Dickens by the Rev. Wm. Mantle. He commenced with "Bob Cratchit's Christmas Dinner," from *A Christmas Carol.* Then followed "The Death and Burial of Little Nell," from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, read with a pathos that did this fine passage perfect justice. Mrs. Corney's courtship, Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig at tea, the address of Serjeant Buzfuz, and "Mr. Weller's Watch," were the other items, thoroughly to the taste of the large gathering of lovers of the great novelist. At intervals songs were given by Miss Elworthy and Councillor Hocking. Major C. Vipan, D.S.O., was elected a Vice-President.

**Hull.**

AT the fortnightly meeting on 30 November Miss Eleanor Watson dealt with "Some Women Characters in Dickens," and had her subject well in hand. Miss Watson showed in lucid terms the fallacy of Gissing's statement as to the inanity of certain women in Dickens. The novelist's pages simply bristled with the names of women who are the embodiment of shrewd, kindly, good sense. Notably Agnes Wickfield, the noble and unfortunate Nancy, Kate Nickleby, Lizzie Hexham, Little Dorrit, Little Nell, and a host of others. At the close of a capital paper, Mr. Mortimer Petty commented favourably on the way in which Miss Watson had treated such a wide subject. He also drew a comparison between some of Ibsen's delineations of women and those of Dickens. Messrs. Broadbent, Waterfall, H. Graves, W. H. Eastman, and Miss A. Hall spoke eulogistically.

**Liverpool and Birkenhead**

ON Wednesday evening, 12 December, a meeting was held in the Common Hall, Hackins Hey. Mr. Edgar Browne, F.R.C.S., president of the branch, occupied the chair, and another eminent member of the medical fraternity, Dr. Chas. Hill, M.B., gave a most instructive and entertaining lecture entitled "The Novels of Charles Dickens, published in monthly parts, illustrated by examples." Dr. Hill pointed out several distinguishing features of the original issues of several most popular works of Dickens, and invited inspection of the large number of weekly and monthly editions he had brought with him. The second half of the session will be inaugurated by a whist drive on Saturday, 5 January, 1907, to be followed by other items as per syllabus.

THE branch held its annual meeting in the council chamber of the Guildhall on 22 November, under the chairmanship of Mr. Henry Smetham. The report read showed that the growth of the branch during the past season had been steady. The present membership was 150. Their financial position continued satisfactory, the balance in hand being £21 19s. 11d. The report and balance-sheet were unanimously adopted. Alderman W. J. McLellan was re-elected President, and Messrs. H. Smetham, W. Mackay, C. Tuff, jun., J.P., C. Bird, and E. Farley Cobb, and Miss Weaver, were elected Vice-Presidents. Vacancies on the committee were filled up. Mr. Llewelyn Evans was reappointed Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. W. J. R. Ring was elected to succeed Mr. Cobb in the secretaryship.

**Rochester.**

IT is the ideal of this branch to increase its membership to one thousand, towards which number it now boasts 650. On 7 December a very successful smoking concert was held at the Royal Victoria Hotel, and a lengthy, varied, and excellent programme was presented, which included amongst its thirty items three recitals from Dickens by Mr. W. H. Williams ("Jonas Chuzzlewit and his Wife," "Jack Hopkins's Story"), Miss A. Eaton ("Sam Weller's Valentine"), and a series of character impersonations by Mr. Bert Sharp. Instead of giving dinners to the poor children of the town, the branch intends to use its funds this year in taking them for a short holiday in the summer time. On November 20, Mr. Frank Speaight gave a recital of *A Christmas Carol* at the Montgomery Hall for the purpose, which was packed with an enthusiastic audience, and a dramatic performance of *The Cricket on the Hearth* will be given in the New Year to help towards increasing this fund.

**Sheffield.**

THIS branch continues to advance, twenty-two new members having already joined this session. At the fortnightly meeting on Friday, 23 November, there was a good attendance, brightened by the presence of many ladies. Readings by Messrs. A. E. Bloore and W. Webb were much appreciated.

**Shrewsbury.**

Under the auspices of the branch, Professor W. Miles, F.R.S.L., gave a very successful recital from *Dombey and Son*, in the Working Men's Hall, Shrewsbury, on 5 December. The Rev. P. A. E. Emson, who presided, congratulated Professor Miles on the excellence of his recital, and said that while they had anticipated a great treat their expectations had been more than realized. The arrangements for the recital were admirably carried out by Mr. W. Fricker (Hon. Secretary), and the proceeds will be expended for the benefit of the poorest children of the town.

THE third meeting this session took place at the Kell Hall, London Road, on 17 December, commencing with an eloquent address from the President, Mr. J. R. Smith, J.P., eulogizing the aims and teaching of Charles Dickens, with an earnest appeal to exemplify this in increased goodwill and help to others at this Christmas season. Excellent recitations and readings were contributed by Miss E. Tracy, Mr. A. C. Hallett, and Rev. W. Garwood; also well-rendered musical items by the Misses McCarraher, Miss E. Tracy, Mr. C. Tracy, Mr. M. Sprague, and Mr. Edgar Mouncher. A collection was made for the local fund for free meals to poor children, realizing a substantial sum. On 5 December Mr. Frank Speaight gave a splendid recital in eight chapters, from *A Tale of Two Cities*, to a crowded audience at the hall of the Hartley University. All present were delighted with the magnificent rendering.

**Southampton**

A VERY successful meeting was held last month in the Lecture Hall, Municipal Buildings, Ealing. There was a good attendance of members and an enjoyable evening was spent. The following readings were given: "Florence's Visit to Captain Cuttle," by Mrs. Horwood; "The Death of Little Paul," by Miss G. Harries; "The Story of the Bagman's Uncle," by Miss Vere Bass; "David and the Waiter," by Miss L. Hughes; and "Bob Sawyer's Party," by Mr. Gardiner. Mr. Chevob was in the chair.

**West London.**

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## THE FUTURE OF THE FELLOWSHIP

SIR,—Many subjects have been discussed in the columns of your able little magazine, but the subject of the growth and future of the Fellowship has not yet, I think, been touched upon by any of your correspondents, and as the question is one of vital importance to the whole of the Fellowship, may I be permitted to crave a small space in your next issue, in order, if possible, to awaken our members to a sense of their responsibility in this all-important matter?

In reading through the excellent report prepared by our esteemed Hon. Sec., Mr. Ley, it is very gratifying to find that no fewer than seven new branches have been added to the list during the past year, and as it is now a recognized fact that the future prosperity of the Fellowship depends very largely on the strength and development of the branches, has not the time arrived when a vigorous campaign should be commenced in order to stir up the enthusiasm of the unattached members to form new branches in their own particular locality, and so make the Fellowship a great and popular success?

In my humble opinion, the future of the Fellowship is very much what its members care to make it. It can either become a half-starved, poor, puny weakling and die an inglorious death, or it can become a great and living force, doing a lasting good wherever it spreads its wings, and so carrying out the rules and objects which the founders had in their minds when launching the Society in 1902.

One most disquieting feature of the report to me is, that no less than twelve branches, or practically a third of the whole, show a decrease of membership, and in many of them a serious one. Now should this be? I think not. In some of them an explanation may be forthcoming—local causes, for instance, may cause a loss of membership to a branch, but this cannot apply to the whole. If I may venture an opinion, I think that meeting only once a month and for only six months in the year is a great mistake. If, instead, we met twice monthly, and from September till June, then, I think, we should have no reason to complain of a decrease in membership, and I am convinced that if we are to retain a hold on our members some such method will have to be adopted in the very near future, otherwise our membership will become a declining quantity.

Again, how does London stand with regard to its number of branches? I have no hesitation in saying it is a standing disgrace. Lewisham and Brixton are fairly well placed, but intercourse with West London or Forest Gate is almost an impossibility because of the distance; consequently, with one or two exceptions, we hardly know each other. This in itself is hardly conducive to our good. Personally I see no reason whatever why at least twelve other branches should not be started in London alone, due care of course being taken that they do not overlap, which could easily be avoided with a little care and forethought; and certainly one strong branch in central London, where all members could meet from the various branches, and so form a splendid rallying-ground for encouragement and enthusiasm.

Faithfully yours, THOS. WEBB.

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## THE FAVOURITE FLOWER OF DICKENS

SIR,—In Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's most entertaining *Life of Charles Dickens*, Vol. I, p. 215, I find the following description of the novelist's dress: "velvet collar, red carnation (invariable as Mr. Chamberlain's orchid)." I have always thought the geranium was the favourite flower of Dickens, and for that reason I have worn it at all Dickensian gatherings. Have I —and others—perhaps been in the wrong all through?

Yours very truly, JOEY B.

## THE BLUNDERS OF DICKENS AND HIS ARTISTS

SIR,—The article in the November *Dickensian*, under the above title, reminds me of a curious error, not of commission, but of omission, in *Pickwick*, which I have not seen noticed before.

It will be remembered that Sam, at the suggestion of his father, signs his valentine to Mary: Your lovesick PICKWICK.

Here was a fine opportunity for a further complication. Mary, the housemaid, receiving a love-letter from no less a person, apparently, than Mr. Pickwick! It is true the handwriting and orthography were hardly what one would expect in a gentleman of his standing, but young women in the receipt of love-letters are understood to be usually too absorbed in their contents to notice such trifles, even if Mary could appreciate them, which is doubtful, especially as to the second defect.

Considering the importance which is attached to the signing of the valentine, I think it highly probable that Dickens intended to make use of this opportunity, but, owing to the haste and manner of composition of *Pickwick*, omitted to do it.

Had he done so, Mr. Pickwick would have had not one, but two, suits on his hands—at any rate, he would have had a pair of breaches!

Yours faithfully, FREDK. G. JACKSON.

20 ST. JOHN'S TERRACE, LEEDS, *Dec.*, 1906.

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SIR,—Mr. Alex. J. Philip, in his article on Dickens's blunders in the November *Dickensian*, says that Captain Cuttle's hook was evidently intended to be on the right hand, because we are told that the indomitable captain unscrewed the hook and substituted a knife.

This passage occurs in the ninth chapter of *Dombey and Son.*

But I fail to see why Mr. Philip pins his belief on this one incident, because in Chapter XLIX we are just as plainly told that Captain Cuttle "unscrewed his hook, and screwed his *fork* in its place."

This evidence seems to me about equal in opposite testimony, but Dickens, in introducing Captain Cuttle to us in Chapter IV, plainly says that the hook was attached to the right wrist.

It is no very great matter, but as I was interested in the article I beg leave to point out what seems to me a better argument for which hand Captain Cuttle had lost.

Yours faithfully,

PINGSWORTH, YORK RD., ST. ALBANS. C. L. PATERSON.

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## QUESTION AND ANSWER

*"I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it?"*—ROSA DARTLE.

### QUESTION

ERRORS OF DATES IN "PICKWICK."—I have a copy of *Pickwick Papers*, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., described as being a reprint of the first edition, with the illustrations and an introduction by Chas. Dickens the younger. In Chapter XIII, page 161, there is the following passage:—"'Jane,' said Mr. Pott to the servant who brought in candles, 'go down into the office and bring me up the file of the Gazette for 1828.'" In Chapter XVIII, Mr. Pickwick receives a letter from Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, headed as follows: "Freeman's Court, Cornhill, August 28th, 1827." You will, of course, see that this must be an error or a misprint, as Mr. Pott could

not have had a file of the Gazette for *1828* in the year *1827*. In another copy of *Pickwick* (published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall—a cheap edition; yellow back) the letter to Mr. Pickwick commencing the action is dated "August 28th, 1830." This latter is inconsistent with the answer given to one of the questions in the Pickwick Examination in the February issue of *The Dickensian*. According to that, the period of time comprised in Pickwick is from May 13th, 1827, until November or December, 1829. Perhaps one of the readers of *The Dickensian* can throw some light on this.

Another matter upon which I should like an opinion. In Chapter XLVI of *Martin Chuzzlewit* (the Charles Dickens Edition, published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall), on page 440, is this passage, spoken by the immortal Sairey Gamp: "'Drat the old creetur, he's a layin' down the law tolerable confident, too! A deal he knows of sons! Or darters either! SUPPOSE you was to favour us,'" etc. etc. I have read this book very thoroughly, but this is the only time I can find that Mrs. Gamp didn't say "*suppoge.*" Of course, this may be a misprint, but I have seen the same in several editions of this work. GWYNNE THOMAS.

### ANSWER

ERRORS OF DATES IN "PICKWICK."—Evidently some confusion of dates existed in *Pickwick*. As ORIGINALLY published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, there was a printed statement of "ERRATA" given in the completed volume, and including—*inter alia*—as follows:—

"Page 185, line 25, for 1830 read 1827.
"Page 202, line 30, for 1830 read 1827."

In this regard Messrs. Macmillan *corrected* date of Dodson and Fogg's letter in their reprint, as above (Chapter XVIII). But the date of "*file of Gazette*" (Chapter XIII) being given in LETTERS—"Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-Eight"—has been overlooked by both publishers, and stands an error "unto this day." It should doubtless read *1825*, two years previous to Mr. Pott's actual instructions to "Jane," in 1827. The above specified statement of "ERRATA" is referred to in the April number of *The Dickensian*, Vol. II, page 101, under heading, "PICKWICK EXAMINATION, QUESTION NO. 4," and the query thereby raised is thrashed out. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mrs. Gamp *loq.*, "suppose," Chapter XLVI. This is, possibly, a slip of the pen on the part of the author, which, presumably, the publishers did not feel at liberty to amend. ROBT. ALLBUT.

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## DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

### BOOKS

*A Christmas Tree.* By Charles Dickens. "Little Prose Masterpieces," Vol. VIII. London: T. N. Foulis. 6d. net., and 1s. net., cloth.

*Hunted Down.* By Charles Dickens. "Cadogan Booklets," No. 5. London: Gowans and Gray, Ltd. 6d. net.

*Pickwick Papers*, two volumes; *Oliver Twist*, one volume; and *Nicholas Nickleby*, two volumes. In the "National Edition" of Dickens. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

*The Christmas Numbers of "Household Words."* By Charles Dickens and others. Nine volumes. Pocket size, 1s. net.; also 2s. net, leather. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

*The Pocket Reciter.* Being a carefully-selected collection from the writings of Charles Dickens. London: H. Spicer and Co., 35 Southampton Street, W.C. 6d.

*The History of Nursing in the British Empire.* By Sarah A. Tooley. With Fifty-Seven Illustrations (containing a chapter on "Dickens and Nursing Reform"). Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. London: S. H. Bousfield and Co.

### MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Men Who Move Multitudes: (2) Mr. Frank Speaight," with portrait; "Moral Forces: (1) The Dickens Fellowship." *The Red Rose*, November, 1906. 41 Granby Road, Manchester.

"A Christmas Dinner with Dickens." By George Edgar. *Young Man*, December.

"Dickens and Gravesend." *Gravesend and Dartford Reporter*, 24 November.

"Dickens Acrostics." *Referee*, 20 December.

"The Original of Little Dorrit." *Daily Chronicle*, 30 November, 1 and 8 December; *Daily Telegraph* (Leader), 1 December; *Weekly Dispatch*, 2 December; *Daily Graphic* (letter), 6 December; and other papers.

"Dickens and Scott." *Notes and Queries*, 17 November.

"A Character Study in Dickens." By Rev. J. Gay. *Brighton Herald*, 24 November.

"The Jew in Fiction." *Daily Graphic*, 7 December.

"Philadelphia and Dickens" (Illustrated). *Sketch*, 12 December.

"The Pickwick Ladle." By Winfield Scott Moody. Illustrated by W. A. Clark. *Scribner's Magazine*, December.

## DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

### JANUARY

4. Manchester Branch: "Dickens as a Social Reformer," by Mr. A. Wood, at Portico Library, at 7.30.
   Shrewsbury Branch: Meeting, at Alkmund's Rooms, at 8.
5. Liverpool Branch: Whist Drive.
7. Powerstock Branch: *A Christmas Carol.*
9. Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society: Short Papers, "My Favourite Characters in Dickens," at 20 Berkeley Square, at 8.
10. Liverpool Branch: Limelight Lecture, "Charles Dickens and the Stage," by Mr. J. J. Hewson, at Commin Hall, at 8.
    Forest Gate Branch: Social Meeting, at Earlham Hall, at 8.
    Edinburgh Branch: Members' Night, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, at 5 St. Andrew Square, at 8.
    Leeds Branch: "Boz the Inimitable," by Mr. F. Kidson, at Church Institute,
11. Winnipeg Branch: Discussion, *Pickwick Papers.* [at 8.
    Hull Branch: Recitals from Dickens, by Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, at Albion Rooms, at 8.
    Birmingham Branch: Evening arranged by Mr. E. J. Twinings, at Great Western Hotel, at 8.
14. Brixton Branch: Evening arranged by Mr. R. J. Block, at 8.
18. Shrewsbury Branch: Meeting, at Alkmund's Rooms, at 8.
    Southampton Branch: Social Evening in aid of Poor Children's Meals Fund, at Kell Memorial Hall, at 8.
19. Brighton Branch: An evening with *Our Mutual Friend*, at Steine House, at 8.
21. Blackheath Branch: "A Believer's Heresies," by Mr. J. W. T. Ley, at Avenue House, Avenue Road, Lewisham, at 8.
24. Edinburgh Branch: Members' Night, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, at 5 St. Andrew Square, at 8.
    Leeds Branch: Miscellany Night, at Church Institute, at 8.
25. Stockport Branch: Readings and Papers by Members, at Sunday School, at 8.
    Sheffield Branch: Performance of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, by Branch Dramatic Society, at Cutlers' Hall, at 8. [at 8.
    Hull Branch: "End of Edwin Drood," by Mr. E. C. Cohen, at Albion Rooms,
    Birmingham Branch: Readings from *Dombey and Son*, and Discussion, at Great Western Hotel, at 8.
28. Brixton Branch: Recital of *Dombey and Son*, by Mr. W. Miles, at Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church, at 8.
29. West London Branch: Monthly Meeting, at Municipal Buildings, Ealing, at 8.